

Inoculation For Love

By SADIE OLCOTT

Dr. Dinsmore had sent away the last patient from his morning consultation and was preparing to make his daily visits when his colored housemaid came in with a shamed look.

"What is it, Sue?"

"Mars Doctah," she said, "can you inoculate anybody with a sickness?"

"Certainly."

Sue looked in every direction except the doctor.

"Come," said the doctor, "there's something on your mind. Out with it."

"I bearn tell, Mars Doctah, dat lub is a disease."

"Well?" said the doctor, becoming interested.

"I bearn tell, too, dat long ago dey was lub potious and if any one took de potious dey was in lub. I been think in' dat yo' might gih de disease dat way somehow."

"You mean that you are in love and wish me to make the man you love love you?"

"It's about dat," Sue confessed in a voice scarcely audible.

"Whom are you in love with, Sue?"

"I don't like to tell dat. Can't yo' gih me de potious to gih to him?"

"No; I should have to manage the case myself. If you'll tell me his name perhaps I can do something for you."

"I reckon it's Sam."

"Mr. Trotter's Sam?"

"Yes, Mars Doctah."

The doctor's eyes expressed amusement, but he kept a straight face, although this was scarcely necessary, for Sue never once looked at him. Presently he went to a medicine case, took up a bottle and poured a little of its contents into a vial. Then, handing it to Sue, he said:

"The next time Sam comes to see you and asks for a drink of water or cider—in fact, anything to drink—pour some of this into it. It will make him sick. Appear to be much frightened and telephone for me."

"Yes, Mars Doctah, I do dat."

It was not long before the doctor was called upon to cure Sam of the effects of the dose Sue had given the man she loved. He examined his patient carefully and gave him something to settle his stomach, then, pricking his arm with a lancet, drew a little blood.

"Sam," he said, "I'm going to test this blood for the disease you've got. Come and see me tomorrow morning, and I'll tell you what it is."

The next morning Sam was perfectly well, but curiosity and fear drove him into Dr. Dinsmore's office. He was admitted in his turn, and when the physician had felt his pulse and tested his temperature with a mouth thermometer he looked very solemn.

"Sam," he said, "you've contracted a serious disease."

"Fo' de Lawd, Mars Doctah, is it gwine to kill me?"

"Not unless it drives you to suicide. In itself it is not fatal, but it sometimes drives persons to do very foolish things. It will on rare occasions throw the patient into a fever, a hysterical condition, in which he will act like a lunatic. You have a little of that feverishness about you now."

"La' sakes, Mars Doctah! What yo' call dat disease?"

"Amormania."

"How you know I got dat?"

The doctor took down a bottle from a shelf, put a drop of water into a bit of glass, put the glass on a microscope and after adjusting a focus told Sam to look into the instrument. The dark saw a lot of monsters swimming about.

"Now, Sam," said the physician, "I don't wish to scare you, but you are looking at a drop of your own blood."

Sam collapsed, and the doctor held him up.

"All diseases nowadays, Sam, are caused by germs. Those creatures are the germs of amormania that have got into your blood. When a man falls in love with a woman they take possession of him and—"

"But I hain't in lub with any woman," protested Sam.

"I didn't say you were, Sam; at least you don't know it. The disease hasn't developed yet. When it does you'll find out that you are in love and no mistake. If there is no response to your love you'll suffer from a sort of lunacy."

"Fo' de Lawd!"

"There is a medical theory, Sam, that like cures like," continued Dr. Dinsmore. "I can take some of your blood and inject it into the veins of the woman you love."

"But I hain't in lub."

"Yes, you are, Sam; you're in love with a good girl. As soon as these monsters I have shown you develop, there's only a dozen now, in a few days there'll be a million you'll have a regular attack of amormania."

"What I do den?" cried Sam, agitated.

"Unless your passion is returned you will act like a lunatic. They all do. Now, I'll tell you what I propose to do. I can inject some of your blood into the body of a nice girl. This will give her the disease and she'll love you desperately. Then we shall have a case of 'like cures like.'"

"Mars Doctah, you do dat right off," said Sam, baring his arm.

The next day Dr. Dinsmore called Sam and Sue together in his office and told them that they were both about to come down with a case of amormania and they had better get married at once. Sue needed no persuasion, and Sam thought a marriage with Sue far better than a term in a lunatic asylum.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

This is not only one of the best and most efficient medicine for coughs, colds and croup, but is also pleasant and safe to take, which is important when medicine must be given to children. Many mothers have given it their unqualified endorsement. adv-43-4t

Dentist—Open wider, please—wider.
Patient—A—A—A—Ah.
Dentist (inserting rubber gag, towel and sponge)—How's your family?—Harvard Lampoon.

GOOD TIMELY ADVICE

Senator Colter Urges Farmers of State To Organize for Mutual Benefit

"No prize given at the annual Arizona State Fair is more earnestly sought for than is the Grand County Prize. The coveted honor for 1917 went to Yuma county, with Yavapai county second, Coconino county third and Pinal county fourth. These counties were given \$50, \$40, \$30 and \$20, respectively. Maricopa county did not compete. Yavapai county walked off with \$50 for having the best decorated booth. Navajo county won the first ribbon on King David and Wealthy apples. Graham county was a sure enough contender against Yavapai for premier apple growing, winning the prize for the best six boxes of commercial pack varieties.

In addition to the cash prize drawn by Yuma county a magnificent silver trophy cup was awarded with the name of Nels Lind, County Fair Commissioner of Yuma County, engraved thereon.

The county prizes were awarded at a smoker attended by the County Fair Commissioners and State Fair officials, held in the Chamber of Commerce building. As a fitting compliment to Hon. Fred T. Colter, of Apache county, he was asked to announce the awards. Senator Colter has served both as State Fair Commissioner and County Fair Commissioner and through his long and capable legislative experience he has been steadfast to the interests of agriculture and livestock.

In the course of his remarks he recalled the fact that in a legislative way the farmer is frequently lost sight of. This comes from their lack of cohesive organization. Every other industry in the State has its representation on hand authorized to promote or oppose certain well defined measures. They know what they want, why they want it and how to present their claims. He appreciated the relationship of industry to society and government and strongly urged farmers' organizations for mutual benefit. Being a life-long farmer and stock grower, his remarks impressed his hearers with the sincerity of conviction. Southwestern Stockman-Farmer.

Mr. Colter has surely hit the "keynote" that will soon be uppermost in the minds of the farmer in this valley. Organization now is much needed, for the farmers are having all kinds of trouble in obtaining sufficient competent labor to harvest the present crop.

On account of the war, for instance, the cotton interests of this valley, for lack of general organization, had to act quickly, and as a result hundreds of aliens from Mexico were imported through an agreement between the two countries to pick this season's crop. Stipulations require the return of these people as soon as this crop is harvested; therefore, if there is a complete organization of the farmers this winter, arrangements can be made that will bring white people from the south, experienced in the cotton industry, who will be welcomed as citizens of the commonwealth.

Today the farmers are again making themselves felt in every farming state in the Union by the organization of the Grange. Through the Grange the wants of the farmer are made manifest, and from their organization it is easy to select men who will carry to a successful conclusion said desires.

Mr. Colter tells the facts when he speaks of the apparent indifference the farmer assumes in the affairs of the State. Let the farmer organize for his own protection. When he does this, he has accomplished much for any good he does for himself is bound to help all good people in the State. Peoria Enterprise.

ONLY A VOLUNTEER

Why didn't I wait to be drafted? And be led to the train by the band. Or put up a claim for exemption. Why didn't I hold up my right hand. Why didn't I wait for the banquet? Why didn't I wait to be cheered? For drafted men get the credit. While I merely volunteered.

And nobody gave me a banquet. Nobody said a kind word. The puff of the engines. The grind of the wheels. Was all the good-bye that I heard. Then off to the training station hustled. To be trained for the next half year. And in the shuffle forgotten. I was only a volunteer.

And perhaps some day in the future. When my little boy sits on my knee. And his wondering eyes look up at me. I will have to look back in those eyes. That at me so trustingly peer. And I tell him I wasn't drafted. I was merely a volunteer.

The above was sent in by Calvin Beebe, who volunteered for service in the U. S. Navy.

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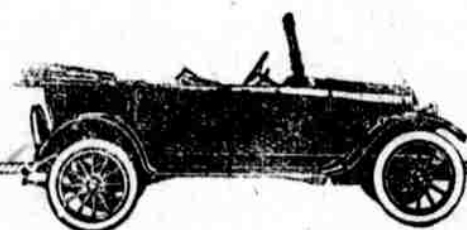
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STATE LOAN BOARD

Will Not Approve Applications for Loans for the Next Ninety Days

Owing to several applications for State funds having been made through the Arizona Title and Abstract Company, and inquiry having been made by the applicants as to the status of their loans, the Arizona Title and Abstract Company have received the following letter from the State Treasurer, in answer to their query made for their clients:

The State Loan Board, consisting of the Governor, Secretary of State and State Treasurer, held a meeting, December 10th, at 11:00 a. m.

One application for a loan in Graham county and four applications for loans in Yuma county were approved. Four applications from Graham county and two applications from Maricopa county were disapproved, account of insufficient security and other reasons.

After these approved loans will have been concluded, there will have been lent in Maricopa, Graham and Yuma counties a considerable larger amount than these counties were allotted by the Loan Board in August, 1916. So that no one county would be favored at the expense of another county, the cultivated acreage in the various counties of the State was used as a basis to determine the proportionate amount that each county should be entitled.

Money resulting from the sale of University timber and institutional grant lands only can be lent, and, as all available funds from this source have been put out by the State treasurer on farm lands, the board found it advisable to approve no more applications until additional money would be available. Ninety days or more may have to elapse before any more loans will be approved.

So that no charge of unfairness can be brought against the Loan Board, the State treasurer was directed to conclude loans on farm lands in the following order of precedence: Those counties in which the allotted amount has not been lent to be given first consideration and the application from these counties in turn to be considered in the order in which they were received by the State treasurer. It is believed that a strict adherence will be favorable to all, even while it may work a considerable hardship on a few individuals.

There are on hand in the office of the State treasurer over one hundred applications for loans, each of which will be given attention in the order of their receipt, those counties first being served that have not received

their proportionate allotment, after which Maricopa, Graham and Yuma county applications will again receive attention.

At present over \$440,000 has been lent on farm lands, secured by first mortgages, which earns interest at six per cent per annum.

While applications are still being received by State Treasurer Johnson, those desiring quick action should keep the above information in mind.

Wakefield Boys Make Good in Navy

Robert Wakefield, a former student at the Los Angeles Polytechnic High School, is a first-class machinist in Uncle Sam's latest type torpedo destroyer, the "Shaw."

He accompanied General Pershing's expedition and helped safely land our first troops in France.

The "Shaw" made the world's record for the length of time it took in passing through the Panama Canal. It required only 5 hours and 45 minutes. The "Shaw" also made the record trip from San Francisco to New York last May, the time being 14 days, 10 hours and 20 minutes.

William Wakefield, brother of Robert, is declared to be the first Poly student to enter the service. He enlisted from Los Angeles December 4, 1914. He is also a machinist and on the U. S. "Truxton," which was the first destroyer to pass through the Panama Canal. William was the engineer when the ship sailed into Atlantic waters.

William Wakefield has passed every examination and now has a mark of A-5, which is perfect in the navy.

Both boys are now in foreign waters.—The Poly Optimist.

Robert and William Wakefield are sons of Mr. and Mrs. James Wakefield, who resided here for many years, and who removed to Los Angeles several years ago, where they are now living.

CARD OF THANKS

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. Church takes this method of thanking all who gave us assistance in any way during our bazaar, from which \$95.00 were cleared.

COMMITTEE.

Attention! Dairymen and Stockmen

Just received a car load of cotton seed cake, SAFFORD ICE AND CREAMERY CO., Safford. 42-4t

Good to Have in the House

Coughs, colds, croup and lagrippe are prevalent. Colds promptly checked mean saving of time, money and health. Pneumonia and other serious illness may follow a neglected cold. T. F. Lynch, 100 Spring Ave., DuBois, Pa., writes: "For many years we have kept Foley's Honey and Tar in the house and it has saved many dollars in doctor's bills. It is fine for colds." A child's health is too precious to risk giving imitations or substitutes; insist on Foley's. Safford Drug Co. adv-43-4t

CUPID'S QUICK WORK

By ETHEL HOLMES

Arthur Armstrong was driving up grade in his motorcar and nearing a sharp turn.

"Toot! Toot! Toot, toot, toot!"

On the other side of the summit the ground fell off. A motor was coming up at the accelerated speed used by all chauffeurs in hill climbing. At the wheel was a girl, the only occupant. Not being quick enough in turning or not having the strength, she shot out on to the wrong side of the road—on her left.

Armstrong's car received the blow on the bumper and was not injured. The girl's car was put out of commission, and the girl—well, the girl was caught in Armstrong's arms. But it should be noticed that Armstrong was a famous baseball catcher.

"Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously. "I think not," she said, but she lay limp in the stalwart arms. Armstrong looked down into her face anxiously. Her eyes were closed. His lips were within an inch of hers. He reduced the interval to zero.

"Oh, my! Good gracious!" she exclaimed, starting up and looking at her car.

"How fortunate!" said Armstrong. "Fortunate! Do you call that wreck fortunate?"

"I mean that you are not seriously hurt."

"But my brand new car is ruined."

"Better than that you should have been killed or mangled. Had you been thrown against the car or hadn't missed the wind shield by a hair's breadth you would have been killed. As it was, being thrown into"—

He stopped short.

"Oh, dear, what am I going to do?" moaned the girl.

"I'll take you home. My car is all right."

"But mine—what shall we do with it?"

Armstrong looked puzzled. They were in the country far from any town. "It's off the road," he said, "and won't endanger any one. We'll go to the nearest garage and have them send out for it. But I'm afraid it isn't worth hauling in."

This being the only thing that could be done, she consented reluctantly.

Armstrong got out of his car, gathered up her belongings, then, returning to his car, pushed a button, pressed a foot brake, made other starting moves and began to descend the slope before him.

The girl cast a lingering look at the wreck and wiped away a tear.

There is every reason to believe that Cupid had sat beside the girl and caused the disaster. Else why should it have occurred, and why should she have been shot into Armstrong's arms, being just enough upset to lie there long enough for him to kiss her ruby lips? And there is every reason to believe that Cupid, having caused the collision, hopped into the rear seat of Armstrong's car. At any rate, everything from that moment was beautifully arranged to hasten a union between these two young persons.

In the first place, it was late in the afternoon and growing dark. As soon as he had started Armstrong pressed a button to turn on his lights. No light came.

"That's bad," he said. "The shock must have broken the electric connection."

If Cupid was managing the affair this was his most important work. No one but a fool dare run an auto at night without lights. Another clever stroke was that Armstrong had no skid chains, and there was a lot of ice on the road, which, being of asphalt, was thereby made very slippery.

In addition to this, the country was hilly and the road full of turns. The time was late in November, and with in twenty minutes after the collision darkness fell over the face of the land.

Coming to what looked through the gloom as if the road suddenly ended—it was a sharp turn—Armstrong pulled as far out of the road as he dared and stopped.

"I'll never do to go any farther in this machine," he said.

"Oh, dear, what shall we do?"

"We must find a house. And I don't see any way but for us to stay there and go on in the morning."

"That would be impossible in my case."

"Why so?"

After some pressure the girl said that her father and mother were French. The French have very stringent notions as to a girl being away from home, unaccompanied, overnight. Her life would be blighted.

"We'll have to find a house, all the same," said Armstrong. "The rest of it we can settle later."

Leaving the auto, they went back over the road, having seen a light some distance to the rear. Maybe it had been put out. At any rate, they didn't find it. They wandered for miles before a house, darkened, loomed up before them. They were in a small village. Armstrong banged at the door till a man opened it.

"Got a parson in this place?" Armstrong asked.

"Right over there in the house across the street."

The couple went to the parson, called him up and were married.

It is questionable whether Cupid ever did quicker work than this. From the moment the girl was pitched into Armstrong's arms till they were pronounced man and wife was just six hours and twenty-five minutes.

How to Prevent Croup

In a child that is subject to attacks of croup, the first indication of the disease is hoarseness. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the child becomes hoarse and the attack may be avoided. adv-43-4t

"Gee you look bad!"

"The doctor says I've got Peoria?"

"Peoria? You mean pyorrhea."

"By George, I believe you're right! I certainly was scared."

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